

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GAY.

THE ABBEY OF CLUNEDALE. BY DR. DRAKE.

THE last rays of the setting sun yet lingered on the mountains which surrounded the district of —, when Edward de Courtenay, after two fatiguing campaigns on the plains of Flanders, in one of which the gallant Sidney fell, re-entered his native village towards the end of August, 1587. He had lost his father in a few months before his departure for the Continent,—a loss which had occasioned him the most severe affliction, and had induced him thus early in life to seek, amid the din of arms and the splendour of military parade, a pause from painful recollection. Time, however, though it had mitigated the first poignant emotions of grief, had not subdued the tender feelings of regret and sorrow, and the well-known objects of his early childhood and his opening youth, associated as they were with the salutary precepts and fond affection of the best of parents, awakened in his mind a train of melancholy, yet soothing thoughts, as with slow and pausing steps he moved along the venerable avenue of trees which led to his paternal mansion. Twilight had by this time wrapt every object in a veil of pleasing obscurity; all was hushed in the softest repose; and the massiness of the foliage under which he passed, and the magnitude and solitary grandeur of his gothic halls, impressed the imagination of Edward with deep sensations of solemnity and awe. Two gray-headed servants, who had lived for near half a century in the family, received their young master at the gate, and, whilst the tears trickled down their withered cheeks, expressed with artless simplicity their joy, and blessed the return of the son of their ancient benefactor.

After some affectionate inquiries concerning the neighbouring villagers, and the families of these old men, Edward expressed his intention of walking to the Abbey of Clunedale, which lay about a mile distant from the house; his filial affection, the pensive retrospect of events endeared to memory, the sweetness and tranquillity of the evening, and that enthusiasm so congenial to the best emotions of the heart, gave birth to the wish of lingering a few moments over the turf which covered the remains of his beloved parent. Scarce, however, had he intimated this resolution, when the ghastly paleness which overspread the countenances of his domestics, and the dismay that sat upon their features, assured them that something extraordinary was connected with the determination he had adopted, and, upon inquiry, his terrified servants informed him, though with some confusion and reluctance, that, for some months past, they and the country round had been alarmed by strange sights and noises at the Abbey, and that no one durst approach the place after sunset. Edward, smiling at the superstitious fears of his attendants, which he attributed solely to their ignorance and their love for the marvellous, assured them he entertained no apprehensions for the event, and that he hoped shortly to convince

them that their alarm was altogether unfounded. Saying this, he turned into the great avenue, and striking off to the left, soon reached the river, on whose winding banks a pathway led to the Abbey.

This venerable structure had been surrendered to the rapacity of Henry the Eighth, in 1540, and having been partly unroofed during the same year, had experienced a rapid decay. It continued, however, along with the sacred ground adjoining to it, to be a depository for the dead, and part of the family of the Courtenays had for some centuries reposed in vaults built on the outside of the great west entrance of the church. In a spot adjacent to this ancient cemetery lay also the remains of the father of Edward, and hither filial piety was now conducting the young warrior as the gathering shades of evening dropped their deep-gray tints all around.

The solemn stillness of the air, the tremulous and uncertain light through which every object appeared, the soothing murmur of the water, whose distant tract could be discovered only by the white vapour which hovered on its surface, together with the sedate and sweeping movement of the melancholy owl as it sailed slowly and conspicuously down the valley, had all a natural tendency to induce a state of mind more than usually susceptible of awful impressions. Over Edward, predisposed to serious reflection by the sacred purport of his visit, they exerted a powerful dominion, and he entered the precincts of the Abbey in deep meditation on the possibility of the re-appearance of the departed.

The view of the Abbey, too, dismantled and falling fast to decay, presented an image of departed greatness admirably calculated to awaken recollections of the mutability and transient nature of all human possessions. Its fine gothic windows and arches streaming with ivy, were only just perceptible through the dusk as Edward reached the consecrated ground, where, kneeling down at the tomb of his father, he remained for some time absorbed in the tender indulgence of sorrow. Having closed, however, his petitions for the soul of the deceased, he was rising from the hallowed mould, and about to retrace his pathway homewards, when a dim light glimmering from amidst the ruins arrested his attention. Greatly astonished at the phenomenon so singular, and suddenly calling to remembrance the ghastly appearance and fearful reports made by his servants, he stood for some moments riveted to the spot, with his eyes fixed on the light, which still continued to gleam steadily, though faintly, from the same quarter. Determined, however, to ascertain from what cause it proceeded, and almost ashamed of the childish apprehension he had betrayed, he cautiously, and without making the least noise, approached the west entrance of the church; here the light, however, appeared to issue from the choir, which being at a considerable distance, and toward the other end of the building, he glided along its exterior, and passing the refectory and chapter house, re-entered the church by the south portal near the choir. With footsteps light as air he moved along the damp and mouldering pavement, whilst pale rays gleaming from afar faintly glanced on the shafts of some pillars seen in distant perspective down the great aisle. Having

now entered the choir, he could distinctly perceive the place from whence the light proceeded, and, on approaching still nearer, dimly distinguished a human form kneeling opposite to it. Not an accent, however, reached his ear, and, except the rustling noise occasioned by the flight of some night birds along the remote parts of the ruin, a deep and awful silence prevailed.

The curiosity of Courtenay being now strongly excited, though mingled with some degree of apprehension and wonder, he determined to ascertain, if possible, who the stranger was, and from what motives he visited, at so unusual an hour, a place so solitary and deserted; passing, therefore, noiseless along one of the side aisles, separated from the choir by a kind of elegant lattice work, he at length stood parallel with the spot where the figure was situated, and had a perfect side view of the object of his search. It appeared to be a middle aged man who was kneeling on a white marble slab near the great altar, and before a small niche in the screen which divides the choir from the east end of the church; in the niche was placed a lamp and a crucifix; he had round him a coarse black garment bound with a leathern girdle, but no covering on his head, and, as the light gleamed upon his features, Edward was shocked at the despair that seemed fixed in their expression: his hands were clasped together, his eyes turned towards heaven, and heavy and convulsive sighs at intervals escaped from his bosom, whilst the breeze of night, lifting at times his disordered hair, added peculiar wildness to a countenance which, though elegantly moulded, was of ghastly paleness, and had a sternness and severity in its aspect, and every now and then displayed such an acute sense of conscious guilt as chilled the beholder, and almost suppressed the rising emotions of pity. Edward, who had impatiently witnessed this extraordinary scene, was about to address the unhappy man, when groans, as from a spirit in torture, and which seemed to rend the very bosom from which they issued, prevented his intention, and he beheld the miserable stranger prostrate in agony on the marble. In a few minutes, however, he arose, and drawing from beneath his garment an unsheathed sword, held it stretched in his hand towards heaven, while his countenance assumed still deeper marks of horror, and his eyes glared with the lightning of frenzy. At this instant, when apprehensive of the event, Edward deemed it highly necessary to interfere, and was stepping forward with that view, when his purpose was suddenly arrested by the sound of distant music, which, stealing along the remote parts of the Abbey, in notes that breathed a soothing and delicious harmony, seemed the work of enchantment, or to arise from the viewless harps of spirits of the blest. Over the agitated soul of the stranger it appeared to diffuse the balm of peace; his features became less rigid and stern, his eyes assumed a milder expression, he crossed his arms in meek submission on his bosom, and as the tones, now swelling with the richest melody of heaven, now tremulously dying away in accents of the most ravishing sweetness, approached still nearer, the tears started in his eyes, and coursing down his cheeks, bathed the deadly instrument yet gleaming in his grasp; this, however, with a heavy sigh,

he placed in the niche, and bowing gently forward, seemed to pray devoutly; the convulsions which had shaken his frame ceased; tranquillity sat upon his brow, whilst, in strains that melted into holy rapture every harsh emotion, the same celestial music still passed along the air, and filled the compass of the Abbey.

Courtenay, whose every faculty had been nearly absorbed through the influence of this unseen minstrelsy, had yet witnessed with sincere pleasure the favourable change in the mind and countenance of the stranger, who still knelt before the lamp, by whose pale light he beheld a perfect resignation tranquilize those features which a few minutes before had been distorted by the struggles of remorse; for such had been the soothing and salutary effects of harmony in allaying the perturbations of a wounded and self-accusing spirit, that hope now cheered the bosom so recently the mansion of despair.

Whilst Edward, in sacred regard to the noblest feelings of humanity, forebore to interrupt the progress of emotions so friendly to virtue and contrition, the music, which had gradually, and with many a dying close, breathed fainter and fainter on the ear, now, in tones that whispered peace and mercy, and which sounded sweet as the accents of departed saints, melted into air, and deep silence again pervaded the Abbey. This, however, continued not long, for in a few minutes was heard the echo of light footsteps, and presently Courtenay, by the glimmering of the lamp, indistinctly beheld some object, which, gliding rapidly up the choir, moved toward the spot where the stranger was yet kneeling. His astonishment was increased, when, on its approaching nearer, he could perceive the form of a young and elegant woman. She was clothed perfectly in white, except where the vest was bound by a black zone, and over her shoulders flowed negligently a profusion of light brown hair. A smile of the most winning sweetness played upon her features, though the dewy lustre of her eye, and the tears that lingered on her cheek, revealed the struggles of her heart. The stranger, who had risen at her approach, embraced her with the most affectionate emotion; they were both silent however, and both now kneeling on the marble slab, employed some time in prayer. Nothing ever appeared to Courtenay more interesting than the countenance of this beautiful young woman, thus lighted up by all the sensibility of acute feeling; her eyes bathed in tears, and lifted towards heaven, beamed forth an expression truly angelic, whilst the exquisite delicacy of her complexion and features, over which the pensive graces had diffused their most fascinating charms, together with the simplicity and energy of her devotion as with clasped hands and trembling lips she implored the assistance of the divine spirit, formed a picture worthy of the canvass of Raphael.

Edward now saw before him the cause of those rumours and fears which had been circulated with so much industry in the neighbourhood, for, since the appearance of this amiable young woman, he had been perfectly convinced that the music to which he had lately listened with so much rapture, had its origin with her. In a still night these sounds might be heard to some distance, and, together with the glimmer-

ing of the light, would occasion no small alarm to the peasant who should happen at that time to be passing near the Abbey, and whose apprehensions, thus excited, might easily create some imaginary being, the offspring of ignorance and terror; or perhaps some pilgrim, more daring than the rest, had penetrated the interior of the ruin, and had probably beheld one of the very striking figures now present to his eyes. This, without further inquiry, he had deemed, what indeed would at first be the surprise of the spectator, some vision of another world, and has thus strengthened the superstition of the country, and protected the seclusion of strangers.

As these reflections were passing through his mind, the interesting objects which had given them birth had risen from their kneeling posture, and, after interchanging looks of mingled gratitude and delight, were arm in arm retiring from the sacred marble, when Edward, whose eagerness to discover the motives of the elder stranger's conduct had been greatly augmented since the appearance of his fair companion, determined, if possible, to trace them to the place of their abode. Entering the choir, therefore, by one of the lateral doors, he followed them with slow and silent footsteps, preserving such a distance as he thought might prevent the lamp from revealing his person. He had pursued them in this manner unobserved throughout the choir, but, upon their suddenly turning at an acute angle to enter the cloisters, the light streaming faintly on his figure, discovered him to the younger stranger, who, uttering a loud shriek, leaned trembling on the arm of her friend.

Courtenay now immediately rushing forward, endeavoured to allay their apprehensions, by informing them of his name and place of residence, and the motives which had, at this time of night, led him to visit the Abbey; he told them that filial piety having drawn him to the tomb of his father, he had very unexpectedly perceived a light in the interior of the building, which, strongly exciting his curiosity, and corroborating the reports of the country, he had endeavoured to ascertain its cause, and in so doing had discovered the attitude and employment of the elder stranger, who, together with his fair attendant, rather increasing than mitigating his astonishment, he had attempted, by following them at a distance, to ascertain their abode, it being his intention at some future period to solicit an explanation of what he had now witnessed.

Whilst Edward was yet speaking, a ghastly paleness overspread the countenance of the elder stranger; it was momentary, however, for soon resuming his tranquillity, he addressed Courtenay in a low but firm tone of voice. "I am sorry, Sir," said he, "to have occasioned, by my partial residence here, so much apprehension among the inhabitants of your village, but as I have reasons for wishing concealment, at least for a time, I have thought it necessary, though acquainted with their fears, not to undeceive them. But with you I know already I can have no motives for disguise, for, though from great change of feature, brought on by deep sorrow, and great change of apparel, I have hitherto escaped your recognition, you will find by and by that we were formerly better acquainted. In the meantime I will conduct you to the spot we inhabit, where, should you wish for an explanation of the extraordinary scenes you have been a spectator of this night, the recital, though it will cost me many struggles, shall be given you, and I do this, strange as it may now sound to you, actuated by the recollection of past friendship." Having said thus, he and his beautiful partner, who had listened with almost as much surprise as Edward to an address so unexpected, moved slowly on, and Courtenay, occupied in fruitless conjecture, followed in silence.

They passed along a large portion of the cloisters, whose perspective, as seen by the dreary light of the lamp, had a singularly awful effect, and then, ascending some steps, entered what is termed the dormitory, and which was carried over part of the Abbey to a considerable distance. Here, in two small chambers, where the roof remained sufficiently entire, were a couple of beds, and a small quantity of neat furniture, and here the stranger, pausing, invited Edward to enter. "These rooms," observed he, "are my occasional habitation for at least twice a week during the night; but before I commence the melancholy narrative of my crimes and sufferings, I will endeavour to recall your recollection to your companion in arms upon the Continent; for this purpose I will retire for a few minutes, and put on the dress I usually come here in, the habit you now see upon me being merely assumed after reaching this place, as best suited to the situation of my mind, and to the penitence and humiliation that await me here." His tone of speaking, as he thus addressed Courtenay, was perceptibly altered, being much more open and full than before, and brought to Edward's ear a voice he had been accustomed to, though he could not at the moment appropriate it to any individual of his acquaintance. During his absence, his amiable companion, who had not perfectly recovered from the alarm into which she had been thrown by Courtenay's intrusion, sat silent and reserved, until Edward, observing some manuscript music in the room, ventured to inquire if the exquisite performance he had listened to with so much delight in the Abbey had not originated with her. A deep sigh at this question escaped her bosom, and her eyes filled with tears, whilst in tremulous accents she replied, that, owing to the great relief and support her brother experienced from music, she always accompanied him to this place, and that it was a source of the purest happiness to her to be thus able, through the medium of her harp and voice, to alleviate and soothe his sorrows. For this purpose the instrument was left at the Abbey, and was placed in that part of the ruin where its tones were best heard, and produced the most pleasing effect. At this instant the door opening, the stranger entered, clothed in a mourning military undress, and bearing a taper in his hand; he placed himself, the light gleaming steadily on his countenance, opposite Courtenay, who involuntarily started at his appearance. "Do you not remember," he exclaimed, "the officer who was wounded by your side at the battle of Zutphen?"—"My God!" cried Edward, "can it be Clifford?"—"The same, my friend, the same," he replied, "though affliction has anticipated on his features the characters of age. You behold, Courtenay, the most unfortunate, the most miserable of men;—but let me not pain my sweet Caroline with the recital of facts which have already wounded almost to dissolution her tender heart. We will walk, my friend, into the Abbey; its awful gloom will better suit the dreadful tale I have to unfold." Saying this, and promising his sister to return in a few minutes, they descended into the cloisters, and thence through the choir into the body of the church.

The tranquillity of the night, and the light and refreshing breeze that yet lingered amid the ruin, and swept through its long withdrawing aisles, were unavailing to mitigate the agitation of Clifford, as with trembling footsteps he passed along the choir. "Oh, my friend," he exclaimed, "the spirits of those I have injured hover near us! Beneath that marble slab, my Courtenay, on which you saw me kneel with so much horror and remorse, repose the relics of a beloved wife, of the most amiable of her sex, and who owes her death (God of mercy! register not the deed!) to the wild suggestions of my jealous frenzy." Whilst thus speak-

ing, they hurried rapidly forwards toward the western part of the Abbey, and here Clifford, resuming more composure, proceeded in his narrative. "You may probably recollect, about a twelvemonth ago, my obtaining leave of the Earl of Leicester to visit England; I came, my friend, upon a fatal errand. I had learnt, through the medium of an officious relation, that my wife, my beloved Matilda, of whose affection and accomplishments you have frequently heard me speak with rapture, had attached herself to a young man who had visited in the neighbourhood of my estate at C—, but that she had lately removed for the summer months to a small house and farm I possess within a mile or two of this Abbey, and that here likewise she continued to receive the attentions of the young stranger. Fired by representations such as these, and racked with careless jealousy, I returned to England in disguise, and found the report of my relation the theme of common conversation in the county. It was on the evening of a fine summer's day that I reached the hamlet of C—, and with a trembling hand and palpitating heart knocked at my own door. The servant informed me that Matilda had walked towards the Abbey. I immediately took the same route; the sun had set, and the gray tinting of evening had wrapped every object in uniform repose; the moon, however, was rising, and in a short time silvered parts of the ruin and its neighbouring trees. I placed myself in the shadow of one of the buttresses, and had not waited long ere Matilda appeared, leaning on the arm of the stranger. You may conceive the extreme agitation of my soul at a spectacle like this; unhappily revenge was, at the instant, the predominating emotion, and rushing forward with my sword, I called upon the villain, as I then thought him, to defend himself. Shocked by the suddenness of the attack, and the wild impetuosity of my manner, Matilda fell insensible on the earth, and only recovered recollection at the moment when my sword had pierced the bosom of the stranger, through whose guard I had broken in the first fury of the assault. With shrieks of agony and despair she sprang towards the murdered youth, and falling on his body, exclaimed, 'My brother, my dear, dear brother!' Had all nature fallen in dissolution around me, my astonishment and horror could not have been greater than what I felt from these words. The very marrow froze in my bones, and I stood fixed to the ground an image of despair and guilt. Meantime the life blood of the unhappy Walsingham ebbed fast away, and he expired at my feet, and in the arms of his beloved sister, who, at this event, perhaps fortunately for us both, relapsed into a state of insensibility. My own emotions, on recovering from the stupor into which I had been thrown, were those I believe of frenzy, nor can I now dwell upon them with safety, nor without a partial dereliction of intellect. Suffice it to say, that I had sufficient presence of mind left to apply for assistance at the nearest cottage, and that the hapless victims of my folly were at length conveyed to the habitation of Matilda. Another dreadful scene awaited her, the recognition of her husband as the murderer of her brother! This, through the attention of my friends, (for I myself was incapable of acting with rationality,) was for some time postponed; it came at length, however, through the agonies of my remorse and contrition, to her knowledge, and two months have scarce elapsed since I placed her by the side of her poor brother, who, at the fatal moment of our encounter, had not been many months returned from the Indies, and was in person a perfect stranger to your friend. Beneath that marble slab they rest, my Courtenay, and ere this, I believe, and through the medium of my own lawless hand, I should have partaken of their grave, had not my beloved sister, my amiable and gentle Ca-

roline, stepped in, like an angel, between her brother and destruction.

Singular as it may appear, the greatest satisfaction I now receive, is from frequent visits to the tomb of Matilda and her brother; there, over the relics of those I have injured, to implore the mercy of an offended Deity. Such, however, are the agonies I suffer from the recollection of my crime, that even this resource would be denied me, were it not for the intervention of the powers of music; partial I have ever been to this enchanting art, and I am indebted to it for the mitigation and repression of feelings that would otherwise exhaust my shattered frame. You have witnessed the severe struggles of remorse which at times agitate this afflicted heart; you have likewise seen the soothing and salutary effects of harmony. My Caroline's voice and harp have thus repeatedly lulled to repose the fever of a wounded spirit, the workings nearly of despair. A state of mind friendly to devotion, and no longer at war with itself, is usually the effect of her sweet and pathetic strains; it is then I think myself forgiven; it is then I seem to hear the gentle accents of my Matilda in concert with the heavenly tones: they whisper of eternal peace, and sensations of unutterable pleasure steal through every nerve.

When such is the result, when peace and piety are the offspring of the act, you will not wonder at my visits to this melancholy ruin; soon as the shades of evening have spread their friendly covert, twice a week we hasten hither from our cottage; a scene similar to what you have been a spectator of to-night takes place, and we retire to rest in the little rooms which we have rendered habitable in the dormitory. In the morning very early we quit the house of penitence and prayer, and such is the dread which the occasional glimmering of lights, and the sounds of distant music have given birth to in the country, that none but our servant, who is faithful to the secret, dare approach near the place; we have consequently hitherto, save by yourself, remained undiscovered, and even unsuspected.

Such, my friend, is the history of my crimes and sufferings, and such the causes of the phenomena you have beheld to-night; but see, Courtenay, my lovely Caroline, she to whom under heaven I am indebted for the portion of tranquillity I yet enjoy, is approaching to meet us. I can discern her by the whiteness of her robes gliding down yon distant aisle."

Caroline had become apprehensive for her brother, and had stolen from the dormitory with the view of checking a conversation which she was afraid would prove too affecting for his spirits. Edward beheld her, as she drew near, rather as a being from the regions of the blest, the messenger of peace and virtue, than as partaking of the frailties of humanity. If the beauties of her person had before interested him in her favour, her conduct towards the unhappy Clifford had given him the fullest conviction of the purity and goodness of her heart, of the strength and energy of her mind; and from this moment he determined, if possible, to secure an interest in a bosom so fraught with all that could exalt and decorate the lot of life.

He was now compelled, however, though greatly reluctant, to take leave of his friends for the night, and hasten to remove the extreme alarm into which his servants had been thrown by his unexpected detention. They had approached as near as their fears would permit them, to the Abbey, (for to enter its precincts was a deed they thought too daring for man,) and had there exerted all their strength, though in vain, in repeatedly calling him by his name. It was, therefore, with a joy little short of madness they again beheld their master, who, as soon as these symptoms of rapture had subsided, had great difficulty in repressing their curiosity, which was on the full

stretch for information from another world.

It may here perhaps be necessary to add, that time, and the soothing attentions of his beloved sister, restored at length to perfect peace, and to the almost certain hope of pardon from the deity, the hitherto agitated mind of Clifford.—I can also add, that time saw the union of Caroline and Edward, and that with them, at the hospitable mansion of the Courtenays, Clifford passed the remainder of his days.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who lose and who win; and who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

Roast Pig.—Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.—I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehays—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor imunditie*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, *præjudium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted.—I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!—There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, crackling, as it is well called,—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indolence which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Eye sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

his memory odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might he contend to die.

He is the best of saps—

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intensifying and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them with

plantations of rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

IMPRISONMENT OF THE LEARNED.

Imprisonment seems not much to have disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies.

It was in prison that Boethius composed his excellent book on the consolations of philosophy.

Grouse wrote, in his confinement, his commentary on St. Matthew.

Buchanan, in his dungeon of a Monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent paraphrases on the Psalms of David.

Pelisson, during five years confinement for some state affairs, pursued with ardour his studies in the Greek language, in philosophy, and particularly in theology, and produced several good compositions.

Michael Cervantes composed the best and most agreeable book in the Spanish language, during his captivity in Barbary.

Fleta, a well known and very excellent little law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet Prison for debt, but whose name has not been preserved.

Louis XII. when he was Duke of Orleans, being taken prisoner at the battle of St. Aubin, was long confined in the Tower of Bourges, and applying himself to his studies, which he had hitherto neglected, he became, in consequence, an able and enlightened Monarch.

Margaret, Queen of Henry IV. King of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the study of elegant literature, and composed a very skilful apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles I. during his cruel confinement at Holmsby, wrote that excellent book entitled *The Portrait of a King*, which he addressed to his Son, and where the political reflections will be found not unworthy of Tacitus. This work, however, has been attributed, by his enemies, to a Dr. Gowden, who was incapable of writing a single paragraph of it.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote some very charming poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement: and Mary, Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many beautiful poetic compositions.

Dining at sea in rough weather.—The ship's company often reap much amusement from the little accidents—the ridiculous tumbles—and the strange postures which the passengers are thrown into by the unsteady motion of the vessel: indeed we now feel so little alarm during a gale, that we sometimes disregard its perils, and join in their smiles and jokes at the ludicrous occurrences which happen among ourselves. Hogarth might have feasted upon them. In confusion of motions, caused by the heavy seas, if we attempt to walk, we fetch way, and are tossed to the farthest side the cabin, in all the odd and uncommon figures that can be imagined; and often, before we can regain our legs, the ship yields to another wave, and we are tumbled in the most ludicrous manner to the opposite side, kicking, struggling, or crawling, amidst a confusion of moving chairs, stock-boxes, and other furniture.

Our dinner ceremony is often rendered a humorous scene: at this hour, the cabin being the general rendezvous of the party, we meet, crawl tremblingly towards the table, and tie ourselves in the chairs. A tray is set before us, with deep holes cut in it, for the dishes, plates, and glasses; the table and chairs are lashed to the deck; yet one or other frequently gives way, and upsets half the things in the cabin!

Presently enters the steward with soup, followed by his little slave with potatoes; and the servants with such other covers as there may chance to be. But scarce-

ly are the things upon the table, and the servants stationed, clinging to the backs of our chairs, before a sudden lurch of the ship tumbles all into disorder. Away go steward, servants, and little Mungo, to the corner of the cabin; the soup salutes the lap of one of us; another receives a leg of pork; a third is presented with a piece of mutton or beef; a couple of chickens or ducks fly to another; the pudding jumps nearly into the mouth of the next; and the potatoes are tossed in all directions about the deck of the cabin. One saves his plate, another stops his knife and fork, some cling to the table, thinking only to save their persons; one secures the bottle; another, half fallen, holds up his glass in one hand, and fixes himself fast to his chair with the other.

Chaos is renewed! every thing is in motion—every thing in confusion. At the next roll of the ship, the servants, staring with amazement, again fetch way, and with extended arms are tossed to the opposite side of the cabin, where they cling fast, and remain fixed as statues, afraid again to move; and although we are lashed in the chairs ourselves, it is with difficulty we retain our seats. Plates, dishes, knives, forks, and glasses clatter together, in all the discord of the moment; the steward and his boy, crawling upon their hands and knees after the dancing potatoes, the flying fowls or the walking joints, are rolled over at our feet, and all is disorder and confusion. The ship now becomes steady for a moment, the scattered parts of the dinner are collected; and those who have escaped sickness, again attempt to eat. Some, foreseeing all these accidents, fix themselves up in a corner upon the cabin deck, and take the plate between their knees, fancying themselves in security; but, quickly, they are tumbled in ridiculous postures, to the other side of the cabin, sprawling with outstretched limbs, lightened crabs. Some, having no call of appetite, join not in the feast, but lie swinging up and down in their cots or hammocks; others remain rolling from side to side in their births. Some cry out with sore bruises; some from being wetted with sprays; one calls for help; another relieves his stomach from sickness; while others, lamenting only their dinner, loudly bewail the soup, the meat, and the pudding. Some abuse the helmsman, others the ship, and others the sea, while all join in imprecations upon the wind.

The case altered.—The Reverend Martin Madan, some years since, wrote a book called *Thelyphthora*, 3 volumes, 8vo. in which he proved that we ought to take to polygamy, and that a man should have as many wives as he could keep—but, when a married gentleman waited upon him, saying he felt a strong passion for Miss Madan, his daughter, and would take her for his second wife, although his first was living, the father begged to decline the honour intended, against his own theory.

The Retort.—A courtier, one day meeting one of his old college companions, who was obliged to labour for a subsistence, said, "Wherefore do you not learn to please? You would then no longer be obliged to live by the labour of your hands."—And why," answered the other, "do you not learn to work? you would then no longer be obliged to be a slave."

Muscovite Husbands.—It is generally agreed that the Muscovite husbands are barbarous, even to a proverb; they not only administer frequent but severe correction to their wives, but sometimes even torture them to death, without being subject to any punishment for the murder. If a woman dies in consequence of the correction she has received from her husband, the law of Russia interprets it not an offence but an accident. A tradesman of Moscow has been known to burn his wife to death, by setting fire to her undergarment, which had been soaked in spi-

rits of wine, and no recognizance was taken of the murder. A man sometimes would tie up his wife to a beam, by the hair of the head, and scourge her to death: but such punishments have been reserved for those who were guilty of adultery or drunkenness, were seldom inflicted, and now wholly set aside. Indeed precautions are commonly taken against such barbarous practices by the marriage articles, in which the bridegroom obliges himself, under certain penalties, to treat his wife according to her quality, supply her with good and wholesome provision, and refrain from manual chastisement, either by whipping, boxing, kicking, or scratching. If a woman, provoked by bad usage, takes away the life of her husband, a case that sometimes happens, she is fixed alive in the earth, up to her neck, and suffered to die of hunger; a punishment incredibly shocking, under which some of these wretched objects languish for several days in the most dreadful misery.

Historical anecdote.—Dionysius the elder, having taken the city of Rhegium, after a long siege; Phyto (by whom the city forces had been commanded, and who had signalized himself by the most eminent bravery and love to his country, fell a sacrifice to the savage resentment of the conqueror. Dionysius ordered him to be tied up to a high military machine, and in like manner to be carried through all the ranks for a gazing stock to the victorious army. While this cruel ceremony was performing, the tyrant, in hopes of augmenting the sorrows of Phyto, sent a herald to inform him that "yesterday his son had been thrown into the sea." To which the illustrious captive answered, "Then my son is happier than myself by one day." Dionysius perceiving that Phyto's greatness of soul was yet unsubdued by the various indignities hitherto inflicted, had him led through the city with executioners behind him, who scourged him all the way, while a cryer proclaimed—"The traitor Phyto is thus treated for having stirred up the inhabitants of Rhegium to rebellion."—"No," answered the unconquered hero, "you should rather say, that this usage is inflicted on a lover of his country, because he would not sacrifice its liberties to a tyrant." Dionysius equally astonished and intimidated by such exalted firmness, directly ordered him to be thrown into the sea; whose waves soon overwhelmed as much of Phyto as could die, and transmitted his immortal part to that world of spirits, where there are no punishments for virtue, and where tyranny cannot come.

Stow the Antiquary.—It is somewhat curious, that Stow and Speed,—one a celebrated antiquary and the other an historian,—should both have been tailors. To the disgrace of his contemporaries, Stow was suffered at the decline of his life to be severely pinched by want. He died in 1605, aged 80, and was buried in the church of St. Andrew Undershaft. Mr. Howes, who knew him well, says of him, "He was tall of stature, lean of body and face; his eyes small and crystalline; of a pleasant and cheerful countenance; his sight and memory very good; and he retained the true use of all his senses to the day of his death. He was very sober, mild, and courteous to any one that required his instructions."

The Dwarf Couple.—Charles the Second, in one of his fits of jocularity, insisted on being present at the marriage of Mr. Richard Gibson, the dwarf portrait painter, with Miss Ann Shepherd, who was also a dwarf. It was a very equal match, each of them measuring three feet ten inches. If their stature was short, their days were long in the land; for Gibson died in his seventy-fifth year, and his wife in her eighty-ninth. This miniature pair had nine children, five of which attained to maturity, were well proportioned, and of the usual stature of mankind.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

COMPOSER

HERCULANEUM, POMPEII, AND STABIA.

Written from Naples.

Portici and Resina are two places lying contiguous, in a flat country, five Italian miles from the south-east side of Naples. The royal palace forms the partition between them; the street towards Naples is called Portici, and that which runs on the other side, Resina. The whole together composes a populous well-built city, continually enlarging from year to year, as much money is spent here annually by English travellers.

Portici and Resina are built on the lava; and beneath these two places is buried the great Roman city Herculaneum. That this is really Herculaneum, and no other city, the many inscriptions and monuments of various kinds that are constantly found there, leave no room to doubt. Petronius calls it *Herculis Porticum*; from whence its present name, Portici, takes its rise. Lists have been found, that show there were nine hundred taverns or public houses in the city: a circumstance which enables us to form some idea of its magnitude.

In the first year of the reign of Titus, at that horrible eruption of mount Vesuvius, Herculaneum was first covered by the burning ashes of the mountain, and the violent torrents which the ashes drove along with them into the city. Then the fiery stream, or the lava, burst forth, took its course towards Herculaneum, and formed a kind of incrustation over the whole city, under which the houses and temples are buried. The inhabitants had been able to save their lives and their most valuable effects by flight.

The first discovery of the city was made about the year 1711, by the prince d'Elbeuf, who was about building a country-seat on the sea-coast. He caused the lava to be perpendicularly broke through for the purpose of sinking a well. During this operation the labourers came to the theatre of the subterranean city, and struck upon the point of the semicircle between two stair-cases. Here stood three excellent statues, which the prince, with great pains and expense, caused to be brought above ground. News of this transaction being carried to the Austrian viceroy at Naples, (for at that time the two Sicilies were appurtenances to the house of Austria,) Count Daun, solemnly forbade any further research by digging, and appropriated to himself the three images already found, which he soon after made a present of to prince Eugene; after whose death they were sold to the king of Poland for six thousand rix-dollars.

When the late king of Spain, at that time king of the two Sicilies, had built himself a summer-palace at Portici, he, in the year 1739, had the well made deeper and wider; till at length, with inexpressible labour, they came to the middle of the theatre, which lay at the depth of more than one hundred Roman palms under the surface of the earth.

The incredible magnificence of the theatre excited in the late Abbe Winkelmann an ardent desire to see it free, and entirely cleared from the fiery ashes which had forced their way into every part of it, and were nearly in a state of petrification. However, he was not indulged in his wish; whereas those who now travel to Portici may enjoy that glorious sight. Even the stage, or the place where the actors performed their parts, is at present perfectly cleared of its petrified ashes. It is much to be lamented, that the lava is not broken away which covers the uppermost part of the theatre, and that the whole of the sump-

tuous edifice, which can now only be seen by the light of torches and lanterns, might be viewed in open day. This uncovering would cost no more than the kitchen-garden of the Augustine bare-foots, which lies just over the theatre. But the generality of travellers, when they wish to see Herculaneum entirely uncovered, do not consider that this is impossible to be effected, without demolishing the populous towns of Portici and Resina. The most of the streets of the city of Herculaneum are already dug out; many of the houses stand entirely free, and may be completely viewed on every side. At first it appears surprising to travellers to walk about the streets of a Roman city, between 60 and 70 feet under the earth, by the light of tapers, with the buildings in full view on both sides. However, here and there, a house is crushed or otherwise injured by the weight of the lava.

About twelve Italian miles from Naples, seven from Portici, and one from the sea-coast, lies the city of Pompeii, in like manner buried and again discovered.—This city was not covered by the lava, but only by the fiery ashes of Vesuvius. Accordingly here and at Stabia, every thing is in better preservation than at Herculaneum; where the heavy load of the lava has disfigured a number of the precious antiques, and entirely demolished others; for instance, the magnificent car with four horses harnessed to it, which stood upon the top of the theatre.

The spot where Pompeii was under the earth, has always been known; since it was marked by a round trench which proceeded from the amphitheatre. The beautiful capitolium, as well as the remains of the superb amphitheatre, concur in evincing the great populousness, the opulence, the power, and the grandeur of Pompeii, which is 3680 paces in circumference. This city is now uncovered, and stands under the open sky; for which a great many vineyards that were over it, were totally destroyed. The main street, running in a direct line through the centre, is found, and dug out from one end to the other. It is quite clear, and has a noble effect.

Here it is that the finest drawings have been discovered, among which the female dancers, together with the centaurs are held in higher esteem than any others. Amongst the numerous quantity of written books, hitherto none have been found but philosophical and moral treatises. However, as there are many rolls unopened, the unfolding of which goes on but slowly, it is not impossible that, in time, we may hear of a discovery being made of the lost books of Livy, of Diodorus Siculus, of Theopompus, or the tragedies of Sophocles, Euripides, &c.

Stabia, or Stabiae, the third city, lies a considerable way farther from Vesuvius, and consequently has suffered the least. It stood exactly where the present Gragnano is. The city was laid waste by Sylla; and in the time of Pliny there were only pleasure-houses existing. Galen informs us, that the Romans resorted hither to use the milk diet; and at this very day the milk of these parts is in great request.

Here are so many remarkable particulars, that the place is highly worth the inspection of every man of taste. But, as Pompeii and Stabia lie at some distance from Naples, they are visited by scarcely any foreigners except the English; whose curiosity in regard to every object of information makes them disregard the difficulties which lie in their way. A difference of twelve or twenty Italian miles is of no moment to them.

Although much is already done in these three cities, discoveries still remain to be made sufficient to employ the coming century. At Pozzuolo, Baia, Cuma, Misenum, and other places, where the opulent Romans were wont to have their magnificent country-houses, as great trea-

sures may probably be dug up as in these three Roman cities; and discoveries may be made at much less expense. But no private man is permitted to make any considerable pit, that all future discoveries may be reserved for the king.

LITERATURE.

ESSAY ON CERTAIN POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN GREEKS; BY THE HON. FREDERICK DOUGLAS.

Though Mr. Douglas is not so enthusiastic in favour of the Greeks as most of those who have studied their ancient history generally become, and though he looks forward to their emancipation at a much later period than is commonly anticipated, there is so much taste as well as acuteness of observation in his Essay, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of laying before our readers a brief survey of what appears to us, at the present time, the most interesting circumstances which he has mentioned. Mr. Douglas visited Greece as long ago as 1811, but as the chief part of his small volume refers to national manners and character, in which a few years do not make a great alteration, the facts we shall draw from it would under any circumstances be amusing, but under the peculiar circumstances of Greece and Turkey, must at present be interesting in the extreme.

The Albanians are described by Mr. D. to have long formed the nerve of the Turkish armies. This is sufficient in itself to convince us of the alarm which the Porte must have felt to have seen the people of Albania so completely kept from their allegiance by Ali Pacha. The death of that remarkable despot will therefore have effected an important revolution in favour of Turkey, if the Turkish commanders in that quarter have been shrewd enough to prevent any immediate consolidation under Ali's successor. His sons have all his vices without his talents; and though Mr. Douglas conceives the Albanians would be ready to obey Ali's dying directions with regard to the person whom he might appoint to succeed him, if, as it is believed, he was cut off too suddenly to give any directions at all, the confusion consequent on his death must have afforded an excellent opportunity to bring them over to the army of the Grand Seigneur. Mr. D. reckons the Albanians to possess all the qualities that form the germ of a great nation. They are brave, active, and acute; so that if, instead of returning to Turkey, the more able of them, formerly under Ali, joined the Greeks, as indeed Ali was said to have done himself, the junction will be heavily felt at Constantinople.

Another most important people of Greece are the *Mainiots*, a race of men who exist in the Southern point of the Laconian peninsula, separating from the rest of the Morea by a chain of nearly impassable mountains. They are chiefly a race of bold and licentious robbers, amongst whom are preserved the virtues of constancy, fidelity, and truth. They are remarkable for the peculiar manliness of their look and carriage, and Mr. D. has seen the proudest Turk sink into the most abject servility, on discovering that the Greek he had insulted was a Mainiot.

Perhaps the rise of the *Hydriots* or *Idriots*, will be considered more interesting than any other part of Greece, particularly as it is from them that the greater portion of the marine liberating force is derived. No more than twenty years ago the name of Hydra, a barren island in the very heart of the Mahomeddan power, was first heard among the sailors of the Mediterranean. Mr. Douglas informs us that a few exiles from the Morea, whom a partiality to Russia had exposed to Turkish vengeance, laid the foundation of this state, whose merchants are now

concerned in half the commerce of the South of Europe. Mr. D. calls Hydra the new Venice. It appears the 60 ships which Pouqueville thought a proof of its wealth have been at least trebled since his visit. By eluding the restrictions of the Turks against the exportation of corn, these islanders have poured the harvests of the Levant into the ports of Spain and Italy. While Mr. Douglas wrote in 1811 or 12, the islands of Specie and Ipsera were creeping into independence. When we see their names holding a distinguished place amongst the liberators of the country, there is some evidence that their creeping has been rapid and effectual.

Mahomet the Second bestowed even greater privileges on the Patriarchate of Constantinople than it enjoyed under his christian predecessors, and most of the general mandates which the Porte addresses to the Greeks are promulgated through the Patriarch himself. These facts will show us with how much horror the Greeks must have looked on the late assassination of their head—a horror which must have been greatly increased by the almost superstitious veneration with which they regard their priesthood.

Mr. Douglas observes truly, that it is in part from the communication of the Greeks with the more cultivated nations of Europe that the knowledge and improvement of Greece have proceeded, and he naturally infers the progress of independence which will follow from the desire of the Greeks to share the esteem and veneration which they see their ancestors produce. The justness of his conclusions on this subject is singularly proved by the statements of Greeks themselves, which have found their way into the English newspapers. From the fact that Ali Pacha formed a very large establishment for the advancement of learning, and that Jannina, his capital, thereby acquired the appellation of the Athens of modern Greece, we are justified in inferring the greater probability that the Albanians whom that tyrant attached to himself, will rather unite with the rest of Greece than with Turkey. Though Mr. Douglas seems inclined to allow the effect of literature in advancing the Greeks to liberty, he conceives that without freedom literature will never be itself greatly advanced, "slaves can never be any thing more than slaves, and from the period when Greece shall become free, and not till then, will genius and philosophy begin to resume their ancient sway." As Mr. D. towards the end of the volume, evidently gives us less hope of the speedy liberation of the Greeks than is now entertained, we would ask him whether the love of literature and science, which has spread itself so rapidly over Greece, will not itself generate a love of liberty which will extend intellectual pursuits much more speedily than he imagines? We do not think that freedom will come all at once, and bring all at once the ancient literary greatness. The human mind seems to march by alternation; additional liberty gives an impetus to knowledge, and in return, additional knowledge gives an impetus to liberty; and if the conjecture of Mr. Douglas has any foundation, "that in half a century more the language of her ancient poets and historians may again be heard within the walls of Athens," he cannot surely refuse to encourage the hope that the spirit of her ancient warriors and legislators will not be far behind.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BOOKS.

PEREGRINATIONS OF A THESPIAN.

No. III.

The seats being arranged, an old trunk, rather of the largest, was opened, and a couple of wings torn forth. From what I

could suppose, they had been used in the Exile, or some other piece where a snow scene is required. But time had put his rusty paws on them; use and abuse had almost obliterated the daub of the painter. A few nails attached them to the ceiling, from which they were made to hang; and sheets of brown paper, pasted together, and suspended in like manner, completed the *proscenium*. Curtain there was none. Scenery superfluous; but *decency* required a dressing-room, if not for its own, at least for the ladies' sake. Mr. Mackerel had a peg for every hole which e'er was made by fortune's auger. A rug (which the ostler of a neighbouring tavern brought nightly in lieu of a ticket) and a sheet, which was none of the cleanest, being pinned together, reached completely across the stage; and being fastened in the same manner as the *proscenium*, formed, at once, a dressing-room and the scene of dramatic action. "There," says Mr. M., "tis said that a Scotchman has as many shifts as an Englishman has shirts; but you see an Englishman has shifts as well as shirts." I looked at the ruffles. "Where's that boy with the potatoes?" "Here they're, sir," replied a chubby little fellow, holding out his hat. "That's a good boy: one, two, three, four. That's enough—large ones—every one must make two—must be thrifty. How many more have you got?" "Three, sir." "Well, chuck 'em in there—(pointing to the trunk)—but mind me, my little fellow, get a pair of scissors, if you can't get snuffers. Last night you spoiled my best scene. What do you think, sir? (addressing me,) last night we played Douglas:—I performed Young Norval, of course, and in my dying scene the whole audience burst out into a shout of laughter, just as 'my eyes 'gan dim apace.' I could not conceive that the laugh was at me, for I have died a hundred times in the same piece, and with approbation too, I assure you. Well, sir; finding the mirth rather increasing than otherwise, I raised myself on one knee, and what the devil do you think?—that little scoundrel, from snuffing the candles, had made his hands as black as soot, and thinking me really killed, fear threw him into a severe perspiration, and having no handkerchief he kept wiping his face with his hands until it was as black as Old Nick. You may be sure I was not pleased at first; but he looked so ridiculously besmudged, ha! ha! ha!—and then when he saw me rising again, his terror increased, and so did his wiping, I could hold no longer, and a hearty laugh finished the pathetic tragedy of Douglas."

We both took a second laugh, and the boy joined us. "What are the potatoes for?" thought I. The boy handed them one by one to the manager, who, with the dexterity of a French friseur, cut them in two, and made a hole in each of the halves large enough to admit a penny candle. They were placed at regular distances behind a form, which being laid on one side supplied the place of a lamp-board. "That will do—now go and wash your face—get a pair of scissors, d'ye hear? and be back in half an hour—that's a good boy—you'll see the play for nothing." "Master Showman," said the urchin, "my mother bade me ax yo' if yo' wad let in our Jemmy th' night; he's ay gairin' an' greein' to see the show." "How old is he?" "I dinna ken—he's bigger nor me—but he's no verra wise." "No verra wise is he? that may, perhaps, be a family complaint. Tell him to put on his Sunday's shoes, d'ye hear? and make him stand in that corner, d'ye see?" "Yes, sir, thank yo'; I'll gar him put on his new shoon: he got a new pair only last week." "Well, well, go along—that's a clever fellow, and bring Jemmy with you. Don't forget the new shoon." Away went the boy, and Mr. Mackerel, shutting the door, begged to be excused for a short time. "Tis nigh six o'clock," said he, looking at the shadow of the sun

on the end of the school-house; "Tis nigh six o'clock—I must stir my grooms. I'll expect you, sir—I shall be at the door myself—we begin at seven." So saying, he made me a hasty bow and disappeared, leaving me in the street.

I began to bless my stars that I had got rid of him, and was meditating where, and how I should spend the evening, secure from his impertinence, when, on crossing the pavement, I perceived Mary Mackerel and her mother with another lady, whom I afterwards found to be a Mrs. Smith, belonging to the company. They passed me and went into the theatre. "Well," thought I, "I may as well see the show, as the boy called it. If there is no approbation due, there will surely be no room for criticism. I'll see the show I'm resolved."—Seven o'clock came. Mr. Mackerel was at the door, and after a brief "how d'ye," thrust me behind one of the wings before described, which reaching quite to the wall, I had no other accommodation than to remain where I was placed. Having stood for half an hour, like Gulliver in the marrow-bone, I thought I should like to cross to the other side; but as there was no curtain, I must either exhibit myself to the audience, or get behind the rug and sheet scene; which latter method I ventured on; and in my attempt to change sides, I exchanged blushes. Mrs. Smith had just got into a pair of black silk breeches, and Mary Mackerel was industriously endeavouring to accommodate them to the corporeal shape of the present wearer. They happened to be "a mile too wide for her shank," and half a foot too-tight elsewhere. Here was a blunder! unintentional 'tis true, on my part; an apology was the least thing that I could offer, and I was just making a necessary hem, when a good-natured laugh from the ladies, and an accommodating "Go on, sir," at once relieved and exonerated me. I passed to the O. P. where I was as much stuck up as when I was P. S. without the same chance of retreating. Here I must remain until the play commenced, or risk another breeches scene. However, to my great relief, in about ten minutes, Mr. M. applied his fingers to his mouth, and made the school-house ring in response to his whistle. A tall young man, decently dressed, but of clownish appearance, walked across the stage to where I stood, with a fiddle in his hand; and, after the necessary turning and flourishing, played "God save the King," "Tullochgorum," and other popular airs, until a second application of Mr. M.'s fingers to his mouth, announced the commencement of "Catherine and Petruccio." Mrs. Smith played Petruccio in a manner that some of our tragedy heroes have not surpassed, and many have not equalled. Catherine was neatly performed by Miss Mackerel. Mr. M. contrived to blend together Baptista and Grumio. His dress was the same which he wore in the street, with the addition of a large full bottom wig. Mrs. M. played Brondello and the Tailor. How the other parts were acted I do not recollect; but by doubling and trebling, I believe they got through the piece without any deficiency except in "words and business."

We give the following extract from a sweet little poem, or dramatic sketch, entitled Faithful and Forsaken. The author is a very young man, and these dramatic scenes are the first poetical fruits of his genius which he has offered to the public. The story is very simple. Annabelle, a young Frenchwoman, in the worst times of the revolution, is forsaken by her lover Eustache, to whom she had been betrothed. Her inconstant admirer gains a new object of affection, Matilda, and disappoints a rival, Merzon, who had been attached to her. That rival, in revenge, procures a death-warrant from the revolutionary tribunal against Eustache. His faithful and forsaken Annabelle fol-

lows him to the scaffold, and shares his fate. Before the catastrophe, Merzon visits the condemned Eustache, and insults him with announcing that Matilda had heard of his sentence, and consented to be the bride of Merzon after it should be put in execution. The description of Annabelle forgiving Eustache is excessively touching.

Eustache. Oh, Annabelle, I came to thee with trembling. Not still prepar'd and anxious for reproach, Not to be curs'd with pardon.
Annabelle. Must I not remain thy friend? This morn, while yet the sun Dwelt with a crimson mist upon our vineyard, And purple clouds like happy lovers stole With smiles and tears into each other's bosom, I threw my lattice wide to drink the stream Of liquid odours rolling from the south, And there came mixt with it a marriage song, Whose distant melody did seem to dance Upon a hundred lips of revelry, And bells, and flageolets, and all the sounds Besetting happiness and summer sunshine. 'Twas a strange thing to weep at—yet I wept, I know not why; some weep for grief, and some For joy, but I for neither or for both. Mix'd in a feeling more belov'd than either, Which weigh'd my heart down like a drooping bough O'erloaded with its luxury of roses; And then, and then (the thoughts of silly maids Run wilder than these roving vines) I found My hands were clasp'd together, and my spirit Stole from my eyes with a dim sense of prayer Which had no words. I begg'd a gentle fortune Upon the newly-wedded!—Pray'd I not For thee, Eustache?

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARACTER OF JUVENAL.

Juvenal was by birth a Neapolitan. Indignation more than nature inspired the satiric muse of this bard, which he himself avows. Desire, fear, cholera, voluptuousness, in a word all the passions unite in the composition of his works: *Quidquid agunt homines, nostri est farrago libelli*. He does not, like Horace, turn vice into ridicule, in order to decry it. Trained in the bustle of schools and courts of law, he attacked the vicious part of mankind with all the powers of the most vehement eloquence, without paying attention even to decency and good manners: he strips vice stark-naked to flagellate her the more. He was an inflexible censor, a misanthrope almost frantic with the crimes of his age; and who did not blush to penetrate its most gloomy horrors. His style is acute and terse, interwoven with the most sarcastic hyperboles; but in vain do we search for the elegance, purity, and natural enlivened satire of the Augustan age.

History has not transmitted to us many particulars of the life of this satirical declaimer. All we learn of him is, that having attacked the celebrated comedian Paris, this son of Thalia had sufficient influence to obtain the poet's banishment, at a time that Juvenal was far advanced in years. The satirist was sent to the frontiers of Egypt and Lybia, under pretence that his presence was there necessary to command the cavalry. The poet of seventy, a warrior against his will, underwent many hardships in his military employment, conferred upon him through derision, and had no other consolation within his power, but the penning another satire against the buffoon. Juvenal survived his theatrical antagonist, and returned to Rome, where he lived under Nerva and Trajan.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing
CAMPBELL.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF GARDENING.

No. II.

Gardens and orchards are frequently mentioned in the earliest chartularies; of the latter, many traces still remain in different parts of England; one in Icolmkill is described by Dr. Walker as having existed, in all probability, from the sixth century; and Leland and Camden cite various instances. Priests have at all times been attached to gardening, both as a recreation and on account of the useful and agreeable products it affords. Very

little, however, is known of the state of horticulture in Britain previously to the time of Henry VIII. when the London market was supplied with culinary vegetables from Holland. This monarch's gardener introduced various fruits, salads, and pot-herbs, and cultivated them in the garden of the palace of Nonsuch, in Surry, together, as it is commonly supposed, with the apricot and Kentish cherry. According to an account of this garden, taken during the Usurpation, it was surrounded by a wall fourteen feet high, and contained 212 fruit-trees.

Books on husbandry began to appear in England about the beginning of the sixteenth century. The first was a translation by Bishop Grossthead, in 1500; this was followed, in 1521, by 'Arnold's Chronicles,' in which there is a chapter on 'the crafts of graftynge, and plantynge, and alterynge of Fruits, as well in colours as in taste.' 'Tusser's One Hundred Points of Good Husbandry' appeared in 1557. In this he gives a list of the fruits and culinary vegetables then known, under the following heads: 'Seeds and herbes for the kychen, herbes and rootes for sallets and sawce, herbes and rootes to boyle to butter, strewing herbes of all sortes, herbes, branches, and flowers, for windowes and pots, herbes to still in summer, necessary herbes to grow in the gardens for physick, not reherst before.' In the whole, he enumerates more than 150 species, besides a copious catalogue of fruits; which, with the exception of the fig, orange, and pomegranate, introduced a few years afterwards, the musk-melon about the end of the sixteenth century, and the pine-apple in the beginning of the last century, include all the species at present cultivated in British gardens.

The fertility of the soil of England was depreciated by some in Tusser's time, probably, as Dr. Pulteney conjectures, from seeing the superior productions brought from Holland and France. Dr. Boleyn, a contemporary of Tusser, defends it, saying, 'We had apples, pears, cherries, plums, and hops of our own growth, before the importation of these articles into England by the London and Kentish gardeners, but that the cultivation of them had been much neglected.' He refers, as a proof of the natural fertility of the land, to the great crop of sea-pease (*Pisum maritimum*) which grew on the beach between Orford and Aldborough, and saved the poor from famine in the dearth of 1555. Oldys, speaking of Gerrarde's garden, and alluding to the same subject, considers it as a proof 'that our ground could produce other fruits besides hips and haws, acorns and pignuts.' Gerrarde was an apothecary; his garden was in Holborn, and was rich in every useful and ornamental plant.

James I. patronized gardening, and formed or improved one at the palace of Theobalds, and another at Greenwich. The former is said by Mandelso, who visited it in 1640, to be surrounded by a high wall, and very rich in fruit-trees. Charles I. brought over Tradescant, a Dutchman, as his kitchen gardener, and appointed, for the first time in England, a royal botanist, Parkinson, whose 'Paradisus Terrestris' is one of the most original of English early works on Horticulture and Flower Gardening. Musk-melons were then cultivated in an open hot-bed, placed on a sloping bank; and covered with straw instead of glass; as in France and Italy. Cauliflower and celery were rare at this time, and broccoli was not yet introduced. Virginia potatoes were little known, but Canada potatoes (the Jerusalem artichoke) were in common use. The varieties of fruits were very considerable. Of apples 68 sorts are mentioned, of pears 64, plums 61, peaches 21, nectarines 5, apricots 6, cherries 36, grape-vines 23, figs 3, with quinces, medlars, almonds, walnuts, filberds, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and strawberries.

Cromwell promoted agriculture rather than gardening, and pensioned Hartlib, a Lithuanian, who, as Harte informs us, had studied in Flanders, and first communicated and recommended to notice 'the two grand secrets of Flemish husbandry,' that of letting farms on improving leases, and cultivating green crops.

Charles II. introduced French gardening, and his gardener Rose, who had spent some time in Holland, then the best school of horticulture, and had also studied under Quintiny at Paris, introduced 'such famous dwarf fruit-trees' at Hampton court and Marlborough gardens, that London, his apprentice, in the translation of the 'Retired Gardener,' published in 1667, challenges all Europe to exhibit the like. In allusion to the last two gardens, Waller describes the mall of St. James's Park as,

* All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd.

When Quintiny went to England to visit Evelyn, Charles II. offered him a pension to reside there and superintend the royal gardens; but this, Weston informs us, he declined, and returned to serve his own master. Quintiny was the first horticulturist of modern times who united learning and practical knowledge. He was educated for the church, but having a decided preference for gardening, turned his whole attention that way. M. Tamblonneau, his patron, first committed his garden, to his care: and soon after, he was intrusted with the entire direction of those of the court. He died at Paris, in 1701. Louis XIV. always spoke of him with regret, and assured his widow that 'he was an equal sufferer with herself.'

Evelyn translated Quintiny's work on 'Orange trees,' and his 'Complete Gardener,' and wrote the 'Kalendarium Hortense,' (the fruitful parent of a useful class of books,) in 1664. His last work on gardening (the 'Acetaria') was published in 1699. This excellent man was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and was consulted by the Government on all questions relating to planting and agriculture. In 1662, it was proposed to the Society to recommend the culture of potatoes to prevent the recurrence of famine; but Evelyn, who does not seem at that time, to have been aware of the value of the root, or the nature of its culture, gave them no encouragement, and the plan was laid aside. He patronized, however, a great many useful publications on rural subjects, and especially on horticulture; among others, the translation of Arnaud d'Andilly's 'Essay on Fruit-trees,' one of the best practical works of that day, and remarkable as being the first to censure the fashionable absurdity of clipping them into the form of animals, &c. Sherrock, Rea, Worlidge, Meager, and Langford, were also encouraged by Evelyn, who is said, by Sir Henry Wootton, to have done more for rural economies than all former ages; and by Switzer (in his 'Ichographia Rustica') who taught gardening to speak proper English.

Daines Barrington conjectures that hot-houses and ice-houses were first introduced during Charles the Second's reign, as at the installation dinner at Windsor, (23d April, 1667,) there were cherries, strawberries, and ice-creams. Strawberries and cherries, however, Switzer informs us, had been forced by dung heat from time immemorial by the London market gardeners. Lord Bacon suggests, that 'as we have housed the exotics of hot countries, lemons, oranges, and myrtles, to preserve them, so we may house our natives to forward them; and thus have violets, strawberries, and pease, all winter, provided they be sown and removed at proper times.'

Cooke, Lucre, Field, London, and Wise, were celebrated practical gardeners at this time; the two latter had the first considerable nursery garden at Brompton, and laid out the greater num-

ber of seats, which still exist in the ancient style. Among these may be mentioned Blenheim, Cannons, Exton Park, and Bramley, in England, and Hatton-house, near Edinburgh.

As the 18th century advanced, the botanic garden at Chelsea, and its curator, Phillip Miller, came into notice. A new era of gardening may be dated from the publication of his Dictionary, and especially from the edition in which the Linnean system was adopted. Miller improved the culture of the vine and the fig; and the Italian broccoli and the pineapple were first made known through his work. The pineapple was first grown by Sir Matthew Decker, at Richmond, in pots placed on shelves like green-house plants; but was subsequently found to succeed better in bottom heat and in pits, as it is still grown in Holland.

Horticulture made astonishing progress from the time of Miller. The general introduction of forcing-houses gave it a new feature. There were green-houses in England in the beginning of the 17th century; but no structures roofed with glass and heated by fire till the commencement of the 18th. The skill and attention requisite to bring forward the fruits, &c. grown in these buildings, became a powerful stimulus to practical gardeners, who vied with one another in the earliness and excellence of their productions. This circumstance, together with the general diffusion of botanical knowledge, and the great number of foreign plants annually introduced, and which gradually found their way from the metropolis to the remotest provinces, rendered it necessary for gardeners to scrutinize into the native habits of plants, in order to determine their mode of culture, and thus a spirit of improvement on scientific principles was raised up, and matured. The culture of the pine-apple and the grape was carried to great perfection between the years 1760 and 1790 at Welbeck, in Nottinghamshire, by Speechley, who introduced several new sorts of both fruits, and contributed by his writings to spread a knowledge of their culture. Every walled garden had now its vine and peach-house, and many had stoves for pines. New varieties of the hardy fruits, as the apple, pear, cherry, &c. were raised from seed; and almost all the culinary vegetables were improved, either by British gardeners, or by importing the best sorts from Flanders and Holland, countries still pre-eminent in horticulture.

IMPROVEMENT ON GUN-BARRELS.

For some centuries, it was a generally received opinion, that the greater the length of the gun-barrel, the greater the distance to which the shot would be thrown; or, in other words, the projectile force, or power of impulsion, would be found to increase precisely in the same ratio as the length of the barrel. And, under this hasty and erroneous impression, gun-barrels, all over the world, were increased to an enormous length. Among the Montenegrins, the Albanians, and other semi-barbarous people, very long barrels still continue to be used in preference; and, even in England, it is not an uncommon sight, in the fens of Lincolnshire, and the swamps of Lancashire, where wild fowl shooting is practised, (chiefly by the rustics,) to see guns of such enormous lengths as to require a rest to fire them from, as it would be impossible to hold them steadily to the shoulder. No treatises have been lately written on the length of the gun-barrel, either in England or on the continent of Europe; though experiments have been tried for the purpose of establishing some rule, by which an opinion might be formed, supposing mathematical precision to be not altogether attainable.

This point has not been yet decided; but enough has been done to show that

very long barrels, so far from increasing the power of impulsion, will not carry nearly so far as barrels considerably shorter. From a conviction of the comparative inefficacy of long barrels, the writer of this some years ago, cut four inches from the barrel of a fowling-piece, which was originally two feet ten inches long, by which he found the force of the discharge considerably increased. He then proceeded to shorten it, inch by inch, till he had reduced the barrel to two feet two inches, and uniformly found the power of impulsion increased. He has since tried the same experiment on two other fowling-pieces, with precisely the same results. He reduced none of them, however, lower than two feet two inches; and, consequently, did not ascertain how much farther the reduction could have been carried with success; but this sufficiently demonstrated the erroneous opinion, so long entertained respecting the length of the gun-barrel. The three fowling-pieces which he cut were of the general calibre: if the width of the bores were to be much increased, in all probability, a greater length than two feet two inches might be found to increase the force. If we examine great guns or cannons, it will be found that the longest cannon is not nearly so long, comparatively, as the shortest fowling-piece; that is, taking into consideration the very wide difference in the calibre of the two. In making experiments, with a view to obtain precision as to the length of the barrel, due regard must be had not only to the strength of the gunpowder, but also to the state of the atmosphere.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Preserving butter fresh and sweet through the winter.—Besides the oleaginous portion which constitutes the essential part, butter contains a quantity of whey, combined with the former by the intervention of a gaseous substance. The two latter, of which about one-third of the mass consists, are the first to change, and dispose the former to grow rancid, which would otherwise remain sweet a considerable time.

To separate these, any quantity of fresh butter should be placed on a slow fire, and heated till it is nearly ready to boil. It is then to be removed, and set by for a few hours to settle. The oleaginous part will swim on the top, and may be taken off with a spoon; when it should be put into earthen pots, and suffered to cool. When perfectly cold, the pots are to be covered over, and set in a cold place, till the butter is wanted for use. No salt is necessary. Two parts of this depurated butter will go as far as three of common butter for all culinary purposes. A portion for ordinary uses may be obtained also from the dregs, by setting them over the fire to boil a short time, frequently stirring them, when another portion of the oleaginous substance, of inferior quality, will be separated.

Purifying Honey.—Late experiments in chymistry have taught the use of charcoal in purifying various substances. This led to its application to the purpose of freeing honey from its peculiar flavour, which was attended with the completest success. Four pounds of honey being boiled with two pounds of water, and one of well-burnt charcoal, on a gentle fire, till the syrup began to acquire some degree of consistency, the charcoal was separated by a strainer. The clear syrup being then boiled till it was of a proper consistence, it was found to be as free from any disagreeable flavour as syrup of sugar. This, therefore, might be applied to every purpose for which sugar is commonly used. If the charcoal were coarsely powdered, a smaller quantity would as effectually answer the purpose.

Application of Steam.—On a new line of road, now cutting between Bury and Bolton, in England, one of the patent rotatory engines is attached to a machine somewhat similar to a bone mill, but considerably stronger, which breaks the stones to cover the roads at the astonishing rate of 70 or 80 tons in ten hours. This engine is mounted on wheels, so that it can be moved to any part of the road without being taken to pieces.

Paddle-Drum-Wheel.—It has been suggested by the inventor of the paddle-wheel for steam vessels, that it possesses the advantage of saving the lives of the passengers in the event of the vessel being stranded, taking fire, or springing a leak. One of his paddle-wheels, of 15 feet diameter, and eight in width, will, if perfectly air-tight, sustain above water, upwards of 300 men, or 60lb to every cubic foot, without being liable to sink; consequently the three wheels would keep above water all the passengers, crew, &c. till some assistance could be rendered them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Minerva.

ON SCHOOLS.

Sir—I shall always be happy to find a column in your paper, at my service, and it is my wish to contribute as much as possible to the variety of your selections. I am anxious for the success of your publication, from motives of private, as well as public consideration. I am pleased to see my writings in print; it gives me an opportunity of correcting my style, and it gives a spur to my industry to pursue useful researches, and to compare my maxims of life, with those who have contributed most largely to the advancement of science and moral philosophy. I have a regard for public improvements in all the arts which adorn civil life, and add to the glory of our public institutions.

No people can be respected abroad, who do not respect themselves at home. I wish to direct the public attention to the organization and support of our public Schools for primary instruction. There appears to be little attention given to schools of the first necessity; to the manner in which they are formed, or the qualifications of the men under whose guardian care and whips we place them.

There are rising one hundred and eighty schools in this city. The only means the public seems to possess of judging of the talents, the learning, moral character, and general fitness of their teachers, is through the medium of their *handbills*, pasted on the walls of houses, on lamp-posts, and at the corners of the streets, and, occasionally, a notice in the papers, that a SEMINARY OF ACADEMY will be opened at a certain place on a certain day; to which is appended some fifteen or twenty names of Reverends, Esquires, and gentlemen, who have been prevailed upon to lend their names to give this kind of paper currency in the market; knowing, as they do, that a *protest* does not involve the endorsers in any pecuniary embarrassments. This I call a *literary beggary*. Some of these handbills are really curiosities, in manner, matter, and grammatical construction; but I do not know that this should be a matter of much surprise, considering the character of some of the profession, and the countries from whence they came.

Here we meet with teachers of every kind, country, and condition; of every language, look, and pretension. And were you to credit their professions, the most enlightened days of Greece and Rome—the brightest and most cheering ages of France and Great Britain, were dark and dismal, compared to the blaze of literature with which we are surrounded. Here we meet the guessing Yankee,

who has a "notion" of every thing but his own qualifications, and solicits patronage because he is an American, and dislikes foreign instructors: *Monsieur*, the Frenchman, who will give you a thorough knowledge of what he calls "the language of love" in 48 lessons, if you will give him forty-eight dollars; though he knows nothing of the English, and but little of his own: the son of *Erin*, whose tongue is so curbed with a brogue, that you can hardly understand what he speaks: the *Scot*, who has rubb'd his coat agen the wa' o' some college, and dis na ken why avery mother's chiel should na prefer him: and the spruce *Dandy*, from one of our own colleges, who is wiser in his own conceit than a *Mitchill* or a *Silliman*; more learned than a *Nott* or a *Mason*; and who can better guide a *gig* and *tandem*, than construe a line in *Homer* or *Virgil*: besides a vast number of parasite shoots, or suckers, from the wide-spreading plant of instruction, called *writing-masters*, who will teach you the difficult mechanic art of penmanship in 12 or 14 lessons, which takes men of sense years to acquire, and many never can acquire it tolerably: the *grammar-master*, who will teach you the philosophy of language in 20 hours, or in half the time with the assistance of machines, if you understand the language already: the drawing-master, who has so many "vanishing points," that his instructions, like his pretensions, generally vanish into air: the *music-master*, who pretends to teach the *piano-forte* in 4 or 6 months, to dull souls who could never sing a stave, or judge of an octave: and "last, though not least," the master of *pigeon-wings* and *rigadoons*, who tramples under foot all rational literary accomplishments, that the head may not be too heavy for the toes: and fifty others, equally as well versed in fifty or more equally useless affairs, which we must pay for, if not learn, or submit to be called illiterate clodhoppers as long as we live. I am to select from among this groupe an instructor for my son or daughter, the child of my hopes, who may be a blessing or a curse to my declining years, who is to be the heir of my fortune, and do honour to my memory beyond the grave. I ask every kind and reflecting parent if this picture is not too true. To me it is not a sketch from fancy. Every day's experience gives me some new fact, illustrative of the wretched, degraded condition of our common schools.

I have sons and daughters to educate. I have neither time to spare, nor talents to execute their necessary instruction, and must rely on the assistance of teachers. It is with me a matter of anxious solicitude, that they should be correctly taught. Whatever our future destiny may be, it is certain that the hope of making our children respected in the world is one of the strongest inducements to continue exertions for the acquisition of property. And how few of us are aware of the responsibility imposed on us by their weakness and inexperience, and how little do we appear to regard the qualifications of their instructors! Who of us looks to the teacher as a friend and companion? How often are they invited to dine, or sup with us? When are they treated as the common benefactors of our families? When do we call at their rooms, and encourage their industry by our presence, our praise, and good opinion? When do we treat them as other than our servants and dependants? And do we not frequently pay them the small sum demanded for their toil, grudgingly? Let every parent remember there are mutual duties and obligations, and the object of my remarks will be to bring about a better understanding between teachers and their patrons: to introduce a better system of instruction, to elevate the deserving from the low condition in which a mistaken policy has reduced them, and drive from an honourable

profession all quacks and empirics who disgrace the fair field of literature.

I shall make it my duty to point out some of the prominent defects in our system of instruction, and suggest a few plain correctives. Yours, T. D.

New-York, Oct. 18, 1822.

THE NATURALIST'S DIARY.

TO BE CONTINUED MONTHLY.

FOR NOVEMBER.

Now frowns the northern blast;

The dreaching rain and fleecy snow descend;

The wise review the past,

But fools know not whence their labours tend,
Fill biting winter, with all its cheerless train,
Gives man to know that vice is loss and virtue gain.

We began the *DIARY* so late in October, that we merely introduced the subject in that month. It is our intention to be more diffuse, and bring under the observation of the husbandman, gardener, and horticulturist, some of their more prominent duties for succeeding months. The history of newly discovered plants, and improvements in labour-saving machines, and agricultural implements, will be noticed under the head of *AGRICULTURAL MEMORANDA*.

House your apples:—those you intend for winter use, pick by hand, put in barrels, and keep them dry and cool; gather and assort those for cider; put them in heaps under cover, that they may undergo the process of fermentation, called *mellowing*. Your cider will not keep well without, nor be fine flavoured.

Pull carrots, beets, cabbages, and turnips, before the frost nips them:—dry them well before you carry them to the cellar; keep them so cool that they do not wilt.—Keep celery well earthed up to blanch.

Examine and mend your fences and walls. It is a good month to cut drains and ditches, if you have swampy or drowned lands. Plant apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, quince, and nectarine trees, on dry ground only:—prune your orchards. It is the best month in the year to plant raspberries, currants, gooseberries, and filberts; also, walnuts and chestnuts, if you have not done it in October. This is the time to prune all kinds of hardy fruit and forest trees.

If you have any *GRAPE VINES*, I will tell you how to manage them; if you have none, get some. It is shameful that we should import all our wine. The cultivation of the *VINE* merits the attention and support of every lover of his country. It is put beyond a doubt, that the United States can, and I have no fears but they will, produce wine enough in a few years, for home consumption, and, at no distant time, large quantities for exportation. There is not much to be done with vines this month. You may plough between the rows where practicable, having first tied up the trailing runners to stakes; and lay up the earth as much as possible to the stems of the vines. Plants of one and two years old require this, to preserve the lower parts of the stems and buds from freezing and thawing. In this state, they may remain till the time for pruning in February. If you cannot use the plough, the spade and hod must be applied; it protects the plants and destroys weeds. A dressing of manure, if wanted, should be given before ploughing.

Rye may be sown this month on light dry soils,—and frequently answers better than an early sowing; particularly where you could not harvest corn, potatoes, and turnips, in season to sow earlier. Carry out and spread manure on dry meadow lands; and that intended for corn-land may remain in heaps during the winter on the fields, and be spread as early as it thaws in the spring. The seeds of grasses and weeds which it contains, will vegetate early and be destroyed by the

early ploughing. Mend your stables; shelter your sheep and cattle from the cold rains and snow of this month. Cattle suffer more than you are aware of by exposure; they eat much more than if housed.

Pull all the old hats and petticoats out of your windows, and put in glass; it will save four times the cost in wood, besides saving your character.

If you have fences to make, and walls to build, cut and split rails, and dig stones, and put them in heaps, that you may draw them to their proper places the first sledding. Keep a good look out that your flax do not rot too much. This rotting flax on the fields is a pernicious method of doing it. We shall give a better process when we get among the flax-dressers next winter. We shall have more leisure then. This I can tell you, that *SALT*, about twice as much per acre as you sow of seed, is the best manure known for flax. Salt is also the finest manure in the world for asparagus. Sow it pretty thick this month over the beds, and give it a slight sprinkling in the spring. It will kill all the weeds, and not injure the plants, for salt is congenial to their nature. This vegetable grows spontaneously in the salt marshes on the seaboard. It was brought to Europe from Egypt during the *crusades*. We shall say a good deal about salt before *MAY*. You can by good management get a crop of potatoes and flax from the same ground in a season; which will be shown before planting time.

If you have any potatoes for your pigs and young cattle, *boil* or *steam* them; they are worth one-third more than when raw. Shut up your hogs to feed on corn and pease, to fit them for the market before Christmas. Put your pigs in pens to thrive; they require a quiet life if you intend to make them profitable.

Make cider the last of this month, or as soon as your apples are quite *mellow*. Take great pains to ferment it properly, and put it in clean casks. Put strong lime-water in your casks; it cleanses them from *mud* and *acidity* better than any thing else. The ladies of the city have some horticultural duties to attend to this month in the *PLEASURE* or *FLOWER GARDEN*. This is a good month to plant the roots of tulips, hyacinths, anemones, and ranunculuses; the earlier the better in the month. You must protect them from the frost, with a good lining of tanner's bark, leaves of trees, or dry straw round and over the beds. The pots containing your choice carnations, auriculas, polyanthus, and double primroses, must be plunged to their rims in a garden frame, and there defended from severe frosts and heavy rains, by glasses and mats, according to the necessities of the case.

Your double stock gillyflowers, and wall-flowers in pots, must be now taken into the green-house or warm rooms; or you may leave them in the garden, covered with mats and boards, taking care not to expose them to the sun while frozen, in the latter part of February.

Dress the beds and borders of young succession or other flower bulbs, which were not disturbed this year; weed and rake them carefully over; lay one or two inches of good fresh mould over the beds to protect the roots from frost. Clear off all dead leaves from the borders and compartments of the garden; cut down the stalks of decayed perennials to the ground; and dress the gravel walks.

The *DIARY* for *DECEMBER* will contain the natural history of some of the insects which are destructive to vegetable life, and we shall point out the most approved methods of destroying them; also the history of some useful plants, and their culture, not generally known in this climate. It must be remembered that we are indebted to other countries for a great number of our most useful plants and vegetables, as well as animals. Too many of our youths take it for granted, that all the

good things we enjoy are either indigenous, or have been acquired with little trouble. One principal object of the *MINERVA* is to give a better knowledge of *NATURE* and its laws, through the medium of well digested essays, pleasing tales, enlivening anecdotes, and moral maxims, than has heretofore prevailed.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XXXI of the *MINERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Montford, or the Generous Man*.—*Montmorency*; a fragment, by Dr. Drake. THE TRAVELLER.—*Paris in 1822*; from "Tronchet's Picture of Paris."

LITERATURE.—*Diversity of Language among the American Indians*.

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres in September*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Sketch of the Life of the Rev. C. P. Maturin*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On Geology*.—*Scientific and Literary Notices from foreign journals*.—*Natural History*.—*Agricultural Memoranda*.

CORRESPONDENCE.—*On Schools*, No. II.

POETRY.—*Clara*, by "Ludovico," and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HARLEY.

A company has been formed in Boston, for lighting that city with gas made from oil; and the apparatus is constructing for that process.

The Agricultural Society of Charleston have passed a resolution to procure from Massachusetts a quantity of plants of *Beach Grass*, for the purpose of attempting its cultivation on the sea-board, as a defence of the soil from injury by tides and storms.

The Great Western Canal is now completed from Rochester to the Little Falls, and packet-boats run daily between those places, a distance of 170 miles.

A mine of Stone Coal has recently been discovered on the premises of Judge Pettibone, at St. Charles, Missouri. The coal is of a superior quality, and the mine is supposed to be inexhaustible.

Besides the experiments made in this state to test the fact, whether cotton would grow to the north of the Carolinas or Virginia, we observe that similar efforts have been made in Ohio, and that they have been attended with the same results.

The ship *Independence*, captain Barrett, of Nantucket, bound from Tapan to New-Zealand, and when in the lat of 9° 18' S. long. 179° 45' E. by lunar, discovered on the 6th of November last, a group of islands encompassed with a reef and inhabited; which, as the captain did not find them laid down in any chart, and conceived them to be new discoveries, he named them *Mitchill's Group*, in compliment to our worthy citizen, Dr. Mitchill. Boats were sent to one of the islands for refreshments, where they obtained an abundant supply of cocoa nuts, being all the land produced. Two men went on shore, and were kindly treated by the inhabitants, who made them presents.

The Park Theatre will be opened on Monday evening with the *Soldier's Daughter*. The celebrated Mr. Mathews will appear in the course of a few nights after. The Theatre, during the recess, has been entirely repainted and ornamented, by Mr. Cowell and assistants.

MARRIET,

On the 24th ult. Mr. Nicholas H. Carmer to Miss Maria Farrington.

On the 24th ult. Mr. Wm. Kelly to Miss Louisa Black.

On the 26th ult. Mr. Thos. W. Lewis to Miss Maria Van Houten.

On the 27th ult. Mr. Edward F. Glover to Miss Lucretia Cripps.

DIED,

On the 25th ult. James Lyons, jun. attorney at law.

On the 24th ult. Samuel Lamb, of Boston.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Lee.

On the 27th ult. Mr. James Waterman.

On the 26th ult. Miss Eliza Gordon, in the 19th year of her age.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

A SONG.

Oh! teach mine eye to gaze on thine,
And coldly meet its ray,
As thou canst meet and gaze on mine;
Or bid thy own less radiant shine,
Nor steal my soul away.

Oh! teach my heart, when thou art nigh,
Be still, as is thine own;
And teach my bosom, swelling high,—
Suppress the long and deep drawn sigh,
Ere yet the truant's frown.

Or bid thine eyes as warmly meet,
As ardently to shine;
And bid thy heart as warmly beat,
While blest'd, and kneeling at thy feet,
I hail and claim thee mine!

For the Minerva.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

The tempest has sullied the splendour of day—
But the grove's gentle tenant is heard from the spray.
'Mid the moans of the wind and the dash of the rain,
Pouring forth to his partner a love-breathing strain.

As soft as the down on the warbler's own breast,
Is the passion he bears to the mate of his nest;
While her eyes feast upon him, her ears drink his song,
Unfelt and unheeded the storm howls along.

Oh ye, who the highest of pleasures would prove,
Be this your example of conjugal love:—
In blessing each other, enjoyment be found,
And this dark world shall bloom like an Eden around.

If sorrow o'er shadows your life with its gloom,
The smile of the lov'd one your path will illumine;
If fiercely the storm of adversity blows,
The voice of affection will soothe to repose.

LAURENCE.

ADELITHA.

The ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad, pale Adelitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger;
But when he knelt to claim her glove—
"Seek not," she cried, "oh! gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelitha's love.

"For he is in a foreign far land,
Whose arm should now have set me free;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead, or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!"—
He raised his vizor—At the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted,—
It was indeed her own true knight.

TO ZEPHYR.

Sweet inmate of the verdant wood,
Of flowery April aye the friend,
Thou who with Love canst fire the blood,
Zephyr! attend.

Oh! didst thou know my heart's dismay
When floated on thy breast my sigh!
Listen! and to my false nymph say—
Say, that I die.

To Phillis once my grief was dear,
My sorrows once would Phillis mourn;
She loved me once, but now I fear—
I fear her scorn.

So may the gods propitious prove,
The Heavens with kindly ardour glow,
And free the earth, where'er you rove,
From chilling snow!

Ne'er may thy airy flight be bound
By those dark clouds that morning brings,
Ne'er may the hail-storm rudely wound
Thy balmy wings!

VERSES

BORROWED FROM A PERSIAN ODE OF HAFIZ.

O fragrant gale! that balmy breath
From my beloved's lips you bore;
The theft is plain: go, range the heath,
And steal from her sweet lips no more.

O pine! the goddess of the grove!
Thy graceful form enchants the eye:
But what art thou beside my love?
Where is thy grace when she is nigh?

O rose! long wilt thou strive in vain,
Ere thou canst with her bloom compare;
Thorns mar thy buds, and cankers stain;
But she is spotless, soft, and fair.

O radiant star! thy distant gleams
Ne'er with her sparkling looks can vie:
Cold, faint, and dull, thy brightest beams,
To the warm lustre of her eye.

O wisdom! if thy choice were free
Throughout the universe to rove,
What could the wide world offer thee
More precious than Eliza's love?

Be calm, my throbbing heart!—how well
Thou know'st that long-lov'd, much-lov'd name!
Thy wishes cannot time impel,
Which soon will crown thy faithful flame.

THE KISS.

From Phillis I received a kiss,
And quite transported with the bliss,
"Kiss me, oh kiss me!" still I cried;
When thus the laughing fair replied:
"What! is your memory so bad,
That you forget the kiss you've had—
The very moment it was taken,
Ere the warm blush my cheek 's forsaken!"
"No," I rejoined, "you reason wrong;
If for another kiss I long,
'Tis that my memory so steady,
Still dwells on that I've had already."

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A Counsel in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand discrepancies,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing and maltreating
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who by his uncouth look and gait,
Appear'd expressly meant by Fate,
For being quizz'd and play'd upon.

So having tipp'd the wink to those
In the back row,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numscull, how go calves at York?"
"Why—not, Sir, as they do wif you,
But on four legs instead of two."
"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do pray keep silence down below there.
Now look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
"Yees—very like—I often go there."

"Our rustic's wagging—quite laconic,"
The counsel cried with grin satiric:—
"I wish I'd known this prology.
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing—
Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"

"Why no, Sir, no; we've got our share,
But not so many as when you were there."

LUXURY.

Sweeter to sing to the wild blast that chills me,
Harden'd with toil and with cold,
Than list to the fountain, whose melody stills me,
Floating in odours and gold!
Oh! the full glow of the fetterless spirit
Dwells not with luxury's slave,
Patience and courage alone can inherit
That portion of God to the brave!

Tell us, ye children of wisdom, who measure
The actions of man and his might,
Tell us, was earth won by day-dreams of pleasure,
And battles and witchings by night?

Tell us, did sylphs shield the valiant from ruin?
Did syren-songs lull their repose?
No! the proud soul, sacred glory pursuing,
Steer'd by its pole-star through woes.

Planted by Valour, and war'd against Fortune,
Rome's flag wrapp'd the world in a shade;
Even the rude North, with its ample folds sporting,
Faus'd as he view'd it displayed.
But when the slow moth of luxury, stealing,
Wasted its strength to decay,
Tempests less fierce than the northern wind pealing,
Blow its bright ruins away.

STANZAS.

Oh, come to me! my heart is sick
With fear, and sorrow, and remorse;
The pulse of thought beats fierce and quick,
And o'er my brain dark fancies course.
Oh, come to me, my unseen love!
Dear shadow, soothe me into rest!
Like a sweet breeze from Heaven above,
Descend, and wander o'er my breast!

Be thou a minister of grace—
A messenger from God on high!
And care and wo shall fleet apace
Before thy mild and radiant eye:
And fear shall wane, and hope increase,
Till, from my age-long thralldom free,
I walk the paths of earth in peace,
And sing of truth and liberty!

SONG.

I saw that eye when it was bright
With feeling's pure and sparkling ray,
Nor thought, alas! how soon that light
Of heavenly beam, would fade away.

I saw that smile when it was warm
With life and hope and glowing joy,
Nor deem'd how quick its silent charm
The hour of suffering might destroy.

I heard that eloquence of heart,
The music of that gentle tone,
Forgot, alas! we were to part,
And deem'd its sweetness all my own.

That eye is dim—that smile is cold,
That heart's bright gaze for ever chill'd;
I sit and muse on days of old,
On many a prospect unfulfill'd.

The vigils of worn hearts are mine:
I seek not, ask not, for relief,
But bending low at Memory's shrine,
I pour a gush of living grief.

Vain grief! I gaze upon the tomb
Where all thy early virtues sleep,
Then muse upon thy heavenly home,
And envy thee, and cease to weep.

Epigram.

TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

We every-day bards may "Anonymous" sign;
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine:
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth,
The bad own their Edges, and the good own their worth!

CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS.

All travellers, this heavy judgment hear!
A handsome hostess makes a rock'ning dear;
Each word, each look, your purses must requite
Them,
And every welcome adds another item.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despite not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Warrington.

PUZZLE II.—Merit—Mitre—Remit.

PUZZLE III.—From the Mouth.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why are spectacles like hay and corn?

II.

Which is the oldest tree in America?

III.

'Tis neither fish, flesh, nor bone, yet has four
fingers and a thumb.

IV.

What is that which increases the effect by di-
minishing the cause?

CHRONOLOGY.

49. Mark Antony and Cassius, with Cato, joined Caesar, who seized on Rimini, defeated part of Pompey's army in Spain, and received the remainder on capitulation. Pompey marched from Rome. Caesar named dictator. On his abdication, he was named consul to Servilius. Aristobulus poisoned in Judea.
48. Battle of Pharsalia, in Macedon. Pompey vanquished by Caesar, retired to Egypt, where Ptolemy caused him to be put to death. Cato retired to Africa.
- Antipater, father of Herod, made governor of Judea.
47. Alexandria taken by Caesar. Part of the Alexandrine library burnt.
46. Pharnaces, king of Bosphorus, conquered by Caesar.
- Cato, Scipio, and Petreus, defeated by Caesar in Africa, put themselves to death.
- Caesar returned in triumph to Rome. He caused the calendar to be corrected by Sosigenes, a mathematician.
45. End of the civil war, by the total defeat of the sons of Pompey in Spain. Caesar triumphed at Rome, took the title of imperator, was chosen consul for 10 years, and perpetual dictator.
44. Caesar slain in the Senate by Brutus and Cassius, with other conspirators, who seized on the capitol. Mark Antony excited a sedition, expelled Brutus, and was himself expelled by Caesar Augustus.
43. Augustus, sent against Antony, made a league with him and Lepidus to govern under the name of Triumvirs. Execution of Cicero and of many more.
42. Brutus and Cassius defeated near Philippi, in Macedon, laid violent hands on themselves.
- Herod, who succeeded Antipater, his father, espoused Marianne, daughter of the high priest.
41. Antony governed in Asia; Caesar in Italy. Sextus Pompey, son of the great Pompey, master of the sea.
40. Antony espoused the sister of Augustus. The Parthians carried into captivity Hircanus II, high priest of the Jews, and placed Antigonus, son of Aristobulus, in his stead.
- Herod obtained from the Senate the kingdom of Judea.
39. Pompey the younger made peace with Augustus, and Antony. Ventidius defeated the Parthians.
38. Augustus married Livia.
- The fleet of Augustus beaten by Pompey.
37. Sextus Pompey, continuing master of the sea, laid waste the coasts of Italy. Antigonus put to death by Herod, and the reign of the Armenians concluded, after 226 years.
36. Sea fight, wherein Pompey was defeated by Augustus, who stripped Lepidus of all authority.
- Antony severely handled in Parthia.
35. S. Pompey put to death. Herod made Aristobulus, brother of Marianne, high priest, but jealous of his popularity, he caused him to be drowned.
34. Antony treacherously took and imprisoned the king of Armenia, and divided his kingdom among the children of Cleopatra.
31. Famous battle of Actium in Epirus, where Augustus was completely victorious. Antony fled to Egypt after Cleopatra.
30. Herod obtained forgiveness from Augustus for having joined Antony.
- Augustus entered Egypt. Antony and Cleopatra put an end to their lives.
29. Augustus triumphed thrice at Rome.
28. Herod put to death his wife, Marianne, and her mother. Death of Terentius Varrus, a most learned Roman, aged 90.
27. The name of Augustus given to Caesar Octavianus.
25. Cornelius Gallus, the Latin poet, governor of Egypt, condemned for his crimes, and banished, killed himself.
- Great famine in Palestine.
24. L. Emilius victorious in Spain. Herod rebuilt Samaria, and called it Sebastia. Numidia became a province.
23. Augustus dangerously sick: cured by Antonius Musa. Death of Marcellus. Augustus invested with the office of tribune and the proconsulship.
22. Conspiracy of Murena and others discovered, and punished with death. Expedition of Petronius into Ethiopia, who obliged the queen Candace to sue for peace.
21. Augustus gave his daughter Julia in marriage to M. Agrippa.
20. Augustus subdued the Cyrenians, punished the Tyrians and Sidonians, sent Tiberius into Armenia, and received at Samos Indian ambassadors, who made alliance with him.
19. Return of Augustus to Rome. Agrippa subdued the Cantabrians.
- Death of Virgil.
18. Herod began to repair the temple of Jerusalem.

THE MINERVA

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